

A Song upon the  
**R A N D I Z V O U S**  
 O N  
**Hounsley-Heath,**

With a Paralel of the Destruction of our *English Turks* in the *West*, and the *Mahomitans* in *Hungary*: How the Christian Army, Compos'd of Forty Thousand Men, took *New-Hassel*, relieved *Grand*, Defeated the *Turks* Army of Sixty Thousand Men in two days time.

To the Tune, *Hark, Hark, The Thundring Cannons Roar, &c.*

This may be Printed, R. L. S.

**O** U R Comet or the Blazing-Star,  
 At *Staffords* Death was seen so far;  
 It plainly poynted out this year,  
 'Gainst Whiggish Calculation.  
 This Year which *Gadberry* Foretold  
 That *English* Mines should turn to Gold.  
 Great Princes shall their Empires hold,  
 By Christians preservation.

Five Years ago, few thought to see,  
 On *Hounsley-Heath* Great *James* to be;  
 Balance of Christian Princis he,  
 All *Europe's* Dread and Wonder.  
 A Handfull of his Army there,  
 Cut down the Rebels in each Shire;  
 To Assist him in the Western-War,  
 Great *Jove* threw down his Thunder.

In *Hounsley-Heath*, both Foot and Horse,  
 With Conquering Eyes resembling *Mars*;  
 With glittering Armour, Gold as Drofs,  
 Shone bright on ev'ry Souldier:  
 All Amorous Ladies that were there,  
 To the Commanders in despair;  
 None bow'd, without a wishfull tear,  
 In Love was all Behoulders.

All night the Ladies vow'd to Dream  
 Of nothing but those Warlike-Men,  
 Whom *Monmouth* was but a fool to them,  
 For all his soft Debauches.  
 Each Souldier like *Adonis* gaines,  
 Their trembling hearts, and smothered flames;  
 Whilist conquered Countrey-dames,  
 But these were all in Coaches.

The Morning was clos'd up with Clouds,  
 The *Herds* and *Sheep*, for shelter crouds;  
 When *James* appeared, these threatning Shrouds  
 Dispers'd, and *Phebus* Shined,  
 And darts his Beams upon the Plain,  
 Then Florish'd all the dazling Train;  
 Both *Holland*, *Flanders*, *France* and *Spain*,  
 To *James* the Lawrel Signed.

To Accomplish these our glorious Days,  
 The Christian Arms beyond the Seas;  
 Victorious Harmony to please  
 Our King, with Conquest sounding.  
 With Horie and Foot, the Gun and Drum,  
 And Christian Shouts they Run they Run,  
 Like our *west-Country Turks* at home,  
 In *Hungary* they're Confoinded.

*Lorrain* with Forty Thousand men,  
*Newbasel* took, relieved *Gran*,  
 Ith' Face of Sixty Thousand Men,  
 Cut these down at his leisure.  
 In two days time he did Controal,  
 With Conduct bright, and Warlike Soul,  
 Without the help of *French* or *Pole*,  
 He Conquers at his pleasure.

This Year hath crusht the Serpents head,  
 The *Turks* cut off, the *Whigs* are dead;  
 Some Jayl'd, some hang'd, the rest run mad;  
 Because the *Turks* are routed.  
 While Christian Souldiers, daring Boys,  
 Drinks the Kings Health, themselves enjoys,  
 All dangerous Consequence destroys,  
 No Kingdom? Safe without it.

L O N D O N, Printed for *James Dean*, Bookseller, between the  
*Royal Grove*, and the *Helmet* in *Drury-Lane*. 1685.